... Over to Lindy's ...

York Post: "There's curiosity, mostly called interest," said Mrs. Marrow, "but I've noticed that curiosity asks questions and does nothing, while in-terest does things and asks no questions. I once thought that Lindy Shiv vers was real curious. She lived next to us in the old Shivvers place, and took care of little Maggie, he dead sister Annie's child, until Annie's husband married again, and took little Maggie to the city to live. Our place was small to Monahawk Wharf-for Samuel, being a scafaring man, liked things snug, with plenty of room be-yond for the eyes. Well, one day I was planting some tomato vines in my little patch, and Lindy Shivvers came to the fence. She mostly talked as if she was afraid to hear herself speak. "Why, Mis' Marrow, you're planting

tomatoes, aren't you?" she said.

"'Seems so,' said L
"'I'll have a plenty to send ya, but it's nicer to have your own, isn't it?"

" 'I haven't got 'em yet,' said I. "There's two of you, so I guess you can eat 'em all,' said she, with her head

'I guess we can eat all that's here

"'Aid pickle the rest,' said Lindy.

" 'I won't get my jars out till the to matoes begin to come,' said I: 'Lindy Shivvers, it's a pity that you had to give little Maggie up. You need re sponsibility.' But she turned around and went into the house without a word. I went up to the step where Samuel sat smoking, and said: 'It puts me out of patience the way Lindy Shivvers goes on about little Maggie. A body can't feel that way about any body else's child. 'Tisn't nature'-for we had lost our one.

Well, 'em, borrowin's a dangerous thing,' said Samuel, 'especially borrow in' of people or boats. I borrowed the Sally Pate once from old Cap'n Peters. and by gumi "I clean forgot she warn't mine! I set store by the Sally Pate. Yes'm, a body better have somethin' of their own or go without. That's my sightin' of it!"

"I don't know about that, said I-I was real young then, and there certainly was a heap I didn't know-'But I'm tired of Lindy Shivvers' curiosity. She ought to sell that big place and live sociable and sensible.

T've heard tell there's a heap of comfort just havin' your own things,' paid Samuel; 'people's like boats. If they're queer there's mostly somethin to make 'em sc. I guess old Nathan Shivvers was enough to take the wind of Lindy's salls in his time.' Old Nathan was Lindy's father, and a hard man. 'Lindy Shivvers used to be the bashfullest one around; worse than anybody except Timothy Callow. He's the beatenest.' I knew that Samuel mostly stood up for women, though, and I took little notice. "The next day here came Lindy's

voice again, while I was watering my vines: "'Oh, Mis' Marrow, you're watering

your plants, aren't you?" "Looks 20," said L

"'Do you think they'll grow, Mis

"'I don't see how they can well help themselves with their roots in the

earth,' said I. "Td rather have only a few of my

own than heaps anybody gave me, sald Lindy. With that I put my trowel down and stood up. 'See, here, Lindy Shivvers,' said I, 'if my garden is only a patch, it is big enough for two, and yours is a heap too big for one, so there!' Lindy looked kind of scared at me, then threw her hands up to her

"All that evening I kept telling my self that it served ber right for being so curious. But when the lamps were lighted, I looked over to Lindy's, and it seemed so big and dark over there for one woman, and a real small one, that I threw a shawl over my head and went As I passed her kitchen win dow I saw her sitting under the lamp sewing. There was a big basket beit, almost as if she was talking to it. When she came to the door, I held my hand out, for she looked frightened, and

Twe come across to say that I spoke

too hasty, Lindy, and I'm surry.'
. "'And I want you to believe that I never thought of your garden being smaller, Mis' Marrow, said she; 'I couldn't for I do so love little things. Mine are all so big. I got lonely, and fust thought to go talk to you to be

"Then don't give it another thought, said I, sitting beside the table, and she sat, too, and I began to talk easy-like about her work. But she got red and pushed the basket under the table with her foot. Then it rolled over and everything fell out-pieces of white linen, fine and pretty, and a little skirt and underneath a great big baby doll. The thing gave me a turn, it was so natural.

Dressing a doll for Maggie?' said I. "'No'm; Maggie's got plenty of dolls, i

Virginia Woodworth Cloud in New | now.' She sat up as if she expected a pistol-shot. 'No, Mis' Marrow, this one's mine.

" 'Yours!' said L

"'Yea'm, it-it don't hurt anybody.

"Yes'm, it—it don't hurt anybody, Mis' Marrow, and a body must have something."
"I suppose truth is like a lantern; if we don't carry one on a dark night, we want to go in the dark, that's all. It didn't take me a minute to see all I'd been blinding myself to; all of Lindy Shivvers' starved life. I remembered all I'd heard about old Nathan Shivvers' cruelly to his daughters, and how Lindy had nobody after little Maggle went away, and how she had been sort of left out by people thinking her offish and queer; and I just said helplessly. 'Oh, you poor thing, her offish and queer; and I just said helplessly. 'Oh, you poor thing, you poor thing, you poor thing, and I guessed the rest—all the loneliness and the fear of people, and how she gol desperate grieving for little Maggle, and got the doil to dress that she might have something to think. tle Maggie, and got the doll to dress that she might have something to think about. I didn't tell her to go work for a poor child, for I remembered that when mine died there wasn't a live child in the world could have filled the place. So that day she came out to try and talk to me, and I had misunderstood her, and had spoken so sharp to her that she got to thinking she didn't her that she got to thinking she didn't in the she got to the she got the she got to the got to the got to the she got to the she got to the she got to want to live any longer; and all the evening she was wondering if it would be a sin-if it would be a sin-Lindy sobbed, and I turned cold thinking what might happen through our blindness of heart, which is worse than blindness of eyes. Well, after a while, when she had gotten quiet, and was sit-ting holding my hand, and I wonder-

ing what to do with her, there came a rap at the door, and in walked Samuel. Now, I've always said that Samuel Marrow was a wonderful man, being such a good hand at not seeing what he had no call to see. I don't know how long ha'd been outside the window, but you'd have thought it an evening party to have heard him.

"'Good evening, Miss Lindy; fine growin' weather,' he says. 'Not that you need it, Miss Lindy, being a pretty size for a woman. I stepped across because it looked so sociable, and to ask for a piece of your cheese. It's the bast in town,' says Samuel, slapping his knee, as he sat down; yes'm, the best. You never would have thought he had plenty of cheese at home. Lindy flew around after knives and plates, and samuel cut his cheese and talked on 'My, my! There! I intended to stop in and see how Timothy Callow's coming on. His mother's just died, and he's been sick. There's always been just that two, you know. My, my, what will Timothy do? He's the sort that must have a mother around; he's like a boy. Well, well!' Gamuel thought it over and looked at his cheese. I guess Timothy will just turn in and die there by himself, one o' these nights.' I had to listen, for I hadn't heard of Timothy Callow being at the point of death.

"I's seems dreadful for him to be alone, and sick, and in trouble, too, said Lindy plitfully; 'and only a boy, too. Carl anybody help him, Captain '' Well, now, he's somethin' more'n
"Well now, he's somethin' more'n
'board of cheese at home. Lindy looking as wertied as her old self. She had on a blue print and a self. She had on a blue print and a self. She had on a blue print and a self. She had on a blue print and se knee, as he sat down; 'yes'm, the best.

said Lindy pltifully; 'and only a boy, too. Can't anybody heip him, Captain.'

"Well, now, he's somethin' more'n a boy, Miss Lindy,' said Samuel. I remembered that Timothy was just one year younger than Samuel Marrow, but Samuel had lighted his pipe and had caught my eye over the bowl. 'Yes'm, somethin more; but he's the easy sort; content with his books and his telescope and his mother. It's bad, bad. Timothy can't stay alone, not till he gets strone, again. If you had to let your rooms out, Miss Lindy I'd ask you to take him for a matter of a few weeks until he gets all right. But I a pose he must go down to Granny Bloom's.'

"Oh, Cap'n, no! said Lindy, getting "Timothy sot red and nulled his "Timothy sot red and nulled his."

"Timust be going, for I'm moving.

"Maving! says Samuel; 'why, what's up over to Lindy's sty. Samuel; 'why, what's up over to Lindy's at post post only been thinking over what you said and-and I've concluded you're right.

"Eh? says Samuel, taking his pipe from his mouth, and looking like a week-old lamb.

"Why—er—about Miss Lindy not being—married!" says Samuel, staring, married!—i guess not! No'm I guess Lindy Shivvers ain't married!—he pack-out to take him for a matter of a few weeks until he gets all right. But I as pose he must go down to Granny Bloom's."

"Oh, Cap'n, no! said Lindy, getting"

"Timust be going, for I'm moving.

"Moving!" says Samuel; 'why, what's up over to Lindy's all, captain, says Timothy, turning his hat round ind round; 'I'we only been thinking over what you said and-and I've conducted you're right.

"Eh? says Samuel, taking his pipe from his mouth, and looking like a week-old lamb.

"Why—er—about Miss Lindy not being—married!—i guess not! No'm I guess Lindy Shivvers ain't married!—he pack—week the tobacco in his pipe—'I'm sorry for ye. Callow, if that's the way o' the wind! Lindy'll be no easy craft to land.

But you brough it to nyourself when you would go there to beard, knowing her to be such a fine and interestin'.

Bloom's."

"Oh, Cap'n, not' said Lindy, getting red and clasping her hands; 'he musn't go down there.' Granny Bloom had two little smoky rooms that Timothy wouldn't have looked at. 'I was thinking,' said Lindy, 'that maybe I can take him, anyhow—if it would help him—he him, anyhow—if it would help him—he him, anyhow—if a would help him—he him and interesting woman!

"Timothy got red and pulled his beard, and I was fairly scandalized.

"No no captain' he says: 'you're mistaken, I assure you' When I came here to board. I understood that Miss ing.' said Lindy, 'that maybe I can take him, anyhow—if it would help him—here to board. I understood that Miss ing.' said Lindy, 'that maybe I can take him.' anyhow—if a woman'i being sick and so young, too-

"'By gum!' shouted Samuel, catchling the lamp up; 'what a head that little woman's got! Me woryyin' about Timothy Callow, and she sttin' there figurin' it all out! Come on, Miss Lindy, abow us the room. Mother, Timothy Callow's in luck this voyage, sure!

"He didn't give Lindy time to wink, before she was showing us her best bedroom, looking as pleased and bright as a child, while Samuel talked about her grand idea, and what a fine head."

seemed to begin to see daylight. But was deaf as a post, packing him they as plea, "Twouldn't hurt to ask her.' he says to his pipe: 'ask her.' he says was No—as I'm thinkin' she will!

"By this time Timothy was scarlet, and standing first on one foot and then the other.

"You're wrong, captain,' he says, 'wrong, wrong! I—I haven't any such intention, I assure you!' Samuel held his pipe out and came near, speaking allow.

as a child, while Samuel talked about his pipe out and came near, speasins slow.

"You meant to say that you've been triflin' with Lindy Shivvers all this time, and meanin' nothin', Timothy and when we left her she was planning what she'd give Timothy Callow to eat; for Samuel arranged to see Timothy in the morning and help him move. That the morning and help him move. That

Samuel. 'I'm not to blame for his gro

The upshot was that the next eve ing, here came Lindy flying across just

ing, here came landy flying across just before supper time. Her cheeks were pink and she was breathless. "He's come, and, Mis' Marrow, he isn't a boy at all. I thought the Cap's meant he was, And he's got books and books, and he's real learned, and—and hadn't you better come over to sup-per?"

"'No, indeed,' said I. 'You just feed him up, Lindy. That 's the first thing

and marry just occatise it is natural for them to see after somebody—only they didn't-know it. One evening Timothy Callow came across. He had picked up a heap in the month and said he had never been so comfortable in his life.

"I guess you'll be sorry to leave Miss Lindy's," said Samuel, beginning to smoke steady, and I looked at him in surprise.

"I don't blame you, said Samuel to his pipe; 'the Lower hotel is a poor place, and Granny Bloom's the worst in town. But all good things must have an end, as the hymn says.

"No, I'm not considering leaving, captain,' said Timothy, looking way off like he was seeing stars. "Ye got some new calculations to make, and Miss Lindy doesn't mind having me around."

"Not she, said Samuel. 'She's a born housekeeper. Yes, yes, it's a pity Lindy never married, and it would be a pity for you to go, Timothy, still as she aint' married—though 't would be better if she was, a lonely woman 's like a

phy for you to go. Thurchy, still as ane and "married—though' t would be better if she was, a lonely woman 's like a boat without oars, 'Samue' smoked, and Timothy looked perplexed.

"If haven't thought of going,' said he; T'm fixed comfortable.' Samuel caught my eye steady over his pile, as if to say. I'm tacking this beal,' and he says, blowing his smoke up. "Tes, 'twould be a pily, but I guess you're right, as you say. Lindy sin't exactly Granny Bloom and there ain't any other boarders. I guess you're right, Timothy Callow looked real startled. He got up and walked up and down, pulling his beard in a way he had, then he took his hat up.

"I see, captain, I see,' he says, and bolted out.

"Well. Samuel Marrow, what do you mean by upsetting things just as they're set, 'gaid I, real put out.' Now you'res.

"I looked at Samuel Morrow, and "I looked at Samuel Morrow, and But

"So that's it," says Samuel, not Harnight I said. "Lindy's going to be real set back to-morrow, when Timothy arrives with his books and his telescope, and he as old as you are. I don't see what you mean, anyhow!"

"He used to be a boy all right," said

"So that's it," says Samuel, not Harnight tening to a word. "You say you're more comfortable than ever you were in your life, and you can't stay and be comfortable without askin Lindy, and you're going away without askin Lindy, why, then split my rafters, sir," roared Samuel of a sudden, "split my rafters, you've got no more sense, sir,

Time was when Cancer was considered as incurable as leptosy.

Physicians and friends could give little relief or encouragement to one afflicted with this terrible disease. Even now doctors know of no remedy for this fearful malady; while admitting it to be a blood disease, they still insist that there is no hope outside of a surgical operation, and advise you to have the Cancer cut out, but at the same time cannot assure you that it will not return. You may cut or draw out the sore, but another will come in its place, for the disease is in the blood—in deep-seated and destructive, and beyond the reach of the surgeon's knile or canstic, fiesh-destroying plasters. The blood must be purified and strengthened, the system relieved of all poisonous, effect matter before the Cancer sore will heal.

S. S. S. is the only medicine that can overcome this powerful and contaminating poison and force it out of the blood. It builds up and invigorates the old, and supplies new, rich, life twing brood. S. S. S. is a purely vegetable remedy; no mineral can be found in it; the roots and herbs from which it is made contain powerful punifying properties that act directly upon the blood is stem and under a safe and permanent care of Cancer. It has cured thousands, why not you?

It is sufficiently the containing the properties of the properties that act directly upon a force; it will cleanse your handly may be free from any unit, yet your blood may become so polluted that a severe and attuborn form of the disease may develop from a sore or uleer on your tongue or other part of your body; a slight bruitse or horse, a small immp on the jaw or breast, a harmless looking wart or mole, and other causes so insignificant as to attract little or no attention. If you have an obstinate sore, don't rely upon salves or ointments to cure it—begin with S. S. S. at once; it will cleanse your blood and prevent the formation of cancerous cells.

Mrs. R. Shirer, La Plata, Ma, writes: 'A must primate cause on my jaw about one inchables the cancer the l

you; it is free.

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the female organism that breed all kinds of trouble and which ordinary praotice does not oure, are the very things that give way promptly to Lydia E. Pink. ham's mound.

Uterine and ovarian troubles, kidney troubles, ulcerations, tumors, unusual discharges, backaches and painful periods —these are the ills that hang on and wreck health and happiness and disposition.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

has a wonderful record of absolute oures of these troubles-a constant series of successes for thirty years. Thousands of women vouch for this. Their letters constantly appear in this paper.

than a ship in a whiripool, sir; and ne-stuck his pipe in his mouth and strut-ted off as if he was on deck in a gale. Poor Timothy Callow looked struck dumb with sudden thought. "The captain's mistaken," he says helplessly. "Now don't mind the captain, don't,! said I, real mortified. "I've never looked out for myself in that way," says Timothy, looking at me.

me.

"I fancied in what way he meant, and
I said: "Mr. Callow, the best things must
be tried for." With that he put his hat
on and went over to Lindy's. That
evening at sunze: I sat on the steps
where Samuel was smalle. A wagon
had just carried out "Limothy's things
from over to Lindy's, and the place was
closed and cuiet.

whete Sain carried off Timothy's things from over to Lindy's, and the place was closed and quiet.

"I was rea! ashamed of you to-day, said I to Samuci, all that talking didn't do any good, and Timothy's gone. Samuel narrowed his eyes toward where the water made a purple line along the shore and smoked steady. She's all alone again, poor Lindy, 'said I. A bird flew over the marshes calling, and Samuel biew a curl of smoke up. 'It's a heap worse than it was before, 'said I,' and all for nothing. I don' see why you couldn't have let Timothy stay as long as he was comfortable and go in his own time. The sky settled down into redness and it grew twillighty, and Samuel smoked hard. Suddenly Lindy's gate clicked and she came across. She looked little and sweet and I saw the lines begin to gather at the corners of Samuel's eyes, life he was pleased at something, but he smoked steady. She sat down beelde me and slipped her hand in mine I thought she felt so bad she couldn't speak.

"'Well, Timotry's gone,' said I, there being nothing eise to say. She modded and looked out to sea. She seemed tallecand older and held her head up. 'I'm terrible sorry, Lindy,' said I.

"T'm not," said she with a little laugh hack of the words, and the lines got deeper around Samuel's eyes. Then the gate clicked and Timothy came up the walk. Lindy got up and met him and they stood together before us in the twilight 'Good evenin', said Samuel' come up.'

"No, I have just some over so were Lindy."

come up.

"No, I have just some over so we could tell you together, says Lindy, Then she looked up at Timothy,
"It's wonderful, said Timothy, but she's going to let me come back for good, soon. I guess I'll have to thank you cantain."

she's going to let me come back for good, soon. I guess I'll have to thank you, captain."

"Good luck to you,' said Samuel, clapping his knee. Thank me? No, sir. Thank the old lady here; I know nothing of such matters.

"With that they both shook hands gravely with me, who hada't any more to do with it than the dead, and Lirdy whispered, I don't see how he came to think of me, Mis' Murrow, and he so learned, but he did. 'And Timothy was saying to Samuel, 'It's the best day's work of my life, captain.' And he must have thought he did it all himself, for he looked as proud as if he had discovered a comet. Then Lindy said they must go home, as it was growing late, and 'Timothy must not stay in the damp, so they thanked me again and went over to Lindy's together. Then I said:

"Well Samuel Marrow.' Of all men

said: Well, Samuel Marrow! Of all men you are the beatenest:"
"He looked across to where they were
through the twilight and he folded his

arms and says:
"'Yes'm, people's like boats. Some crafts can't be left to the wind. They've got to be steered. Old lady, you did the right thing when you sent Timothy Callow to board over to Lindy's."

PEACE COMMITTEE

Patching Up Puerto Rican Bills in an Endeavor to Place Them in Position to Meet Divergent Views.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 22.— The Republican peace committee of the enate met after the adjournment of the senate to-day and practically ratified the offer of Senator Foraker in the sen ate to separate the house Puerto Rico tariff bill from the senate government bill and take a vote on the house meas

The peace committee is willing that a vote should be taken upon the house vote should be taken upon the house bill as it was passed by that body, provided that it becomes apparent that it is impelitie to attempt to amend it, but an effort will be made to ascertain whether the house will consent to any modification. Some of the Republican senators think the bill should be changed so as to provide for the continued exemption from duty of the articles which were exempted by the Fresident's order. They also find the house bill deficient in that it falls to provide any means of collecting the duty which it imposes. There will be a conference with members of the ways and means committee of the house, and if the latoittee of the house, and if th er do not discourage amendments the ter do not discourage amendments these will be offered. There is, however, an acknowledged fear that if the bill in amended in any respect, it may be difficult, if not impossible, to secure its acceptance by the house on a conference report. On this account there may be no effort to modify the bill.

A report will be made to the senate committee to-morrow as to the attitude of the house, and if this report is adverse to amendment. Mr. Foraker will be authorized to renew his request for a uquilmous agreement to fix a time for a youe.

a voice.

The free trade sensions claim there is a stronger determination now than ever before to resist the bill as it came from the house. It is claimed there are eight senators who will not support it unless resended. These are said to be Davis and Nelson, of Minnesota; Wel-

lington, of Maryland; Hoar, of Massa-culsetts; Mason, of Illinois; Beveridge, of Indiana; Proctor, of Vermont, and Simon, of Oregon. What they will do in case the bill is amended cannot be agated, but it is evident they expect a compromise which they can support.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. LESSON.

Review: March 25, 1900. Studies in the Life of Jesus.

A thousand miles up the Nile, at Abu

The derangements of Vegetable Com-

Simbel, sit those four colossal statues carved out of a mountain-side with infinite toll. Thousands of tons of living rock have thus been wrought into human form by workmen dead and forgotten for millenniums, "with a fixed and fatal look, which is appalling those faces, most perfect ever produced by Egyptian art, peer across the sands of old hushed Egypt." A Greek sister to these strong Egyptian golossi once stood under the roof of the Parthenon. It was Phidias' masterplece, the status of Pallas Athene. It towered forty feet, was wrought out of Ivory and gold and had blazing jewels for eyes. The face is described as beautiful and serene, worthy of the serious goddess of wisdom. Thus it would be possible to go from one nation to another of antiquity, and describe a statue typical of its art and thought. But when this should be done, samples only would be given of that incalculable multitude of images with which genius and indomitable patience fairly peopled the old world of the Far East. There they are in fresco, mosaic, bas-relief, effigies colossal and minute, grand and grotesoue. But it is ignorance only that

laughs at the sphinxes, winged bulls, pinioned lions, hawkheaded men, and many-breasted women that fill the ruins of palace and temple. This was the striving of the heathen mind to express its ideal of the Deity. The patien scholarship of to-day has put the key of ancient mythology in our hands, and we can recognize everywhere the sym bols of the attributes, powers, an deeds of the Deity. In spite of all the boldness of its striving, however, arnestness and the infiniteness of its patience, we are compelled, even in presence of the masterpleces, to pronounce that word "failure;" for image graven by art or man's device can show forth God. The material can never satisfactorily interpret to us the spiritual; but this insatiable desire of the human soul to have or make some manifestation of the Deity-a desire which expressed itself in infinite and painful, but unsuccessful, striving-at length had its satisfaction; not in a chiseled colossus; not in an image of ivory and gold; not in cold and breathess marble; but in a throbbing, loving human heart. St. John may well be called the apos-

tle of the incarnation. As in the writings of St. Paul the doctrine of justification by faith is pre-eminent, and in the Epistic of James the Just the genu-ineness of faith certified by good works is conspicuous, so the chief teaching of John is that the Lord was made flesh. John lays it down as the infallible test of a teacher's soundness that he shall confess that Jesus Christ hath come in the flesh. It is test of the believer as well. "Whosoever believeth that Jesus well. is the Christ is born of God." The incarnation is presumably true. The loving Father will satisfy the aspiration of his children for a manifestation of himself. That manifestation will occur at the earliest possible date in the history of the race, when humanity is able to avail itself of it to the best advantage. No form better sulted to accom plish the and desired can be imagined than that which is taken. The Man thrist Jesus exemplified the moral qualities which are esential to the highest type of manhood. Assuming that Jesus was an honest and competent Witness we have in his own declarations the evidence of the reality of the incarnation "He that hath seen me hath seen "Jesus answered, and said unto him, If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make cur abode with him." Father worketh, and I work." "That all should honor the Son, even as they honor the Father." was I am." "I am that Bread of Life which came down from heaven."

Osman Pasha is Not Dead. CONSTANTINOPLE, March 22.-

There is no truth in the report pub-lished in the United States that Osmar Pashn, the hero of Plevna, is dead The famous Turkish general has been sick for a week past, but his health is new improving.

Boors Evacuated Klipdam.

WARRENTON, Thursday, March 22 -The Foers have vacated Klipdam and Windsorton, which are almost deserted. Their wives and families have fled with them. They sank the ponts, or ferry. oat, at Riverton and Windsorton, The Vani taver can only be crossed by swimming. The country this side of the river is well patrolled by the British.

St. Louis Wants \$5,000,000 for

Expo.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 22.-Senator Cockrell to-day introduced a bill for an exposition at St. Louis in 1903 to commemorate the Louisiana pur-chase. It appropriates \$5,000,000 to aid the exposition.

TEN thousand demons gnawing away at one's vitals couldn't be much worse than the tortures of itching piles. Yet there's a cure. Doan's Ointment never fails.—1.

MID-WINTER EXCURSIONS To Washington and Baltimore at

Very Low Rates, Via Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. The Baltimore & Ohlo railroad has

The Baltimore & Onlo failtoad has made arrangements for a series of popular Mid-Winter Excursions to Washington and Haltimore, at One Fare for the Round Trip, allowing ten day limit on tickets, including date of saie. These excursions will be run on February 15 and April 12, 1990. Tickets will be good going on regular trains of the bove dates and good to return on reg dar trains within ten days, including

iligrature Constitution of the Atlantice

of TONGALINE are usually enough to subdue the severest paroxysms of gouty disease. Then, when the pain is neuralgic or theamatic or and strength-renewing sleep, further treatment with TONGALINE cures the disease, radically and permanently, by causing the body to throw off the poisons which caused the disturbance. No external application of lotion or liminent can secure a permanent cure. The cause of the disorder must be reached by internal treatment. This is exactly what TONGALINE does safely and effectively.

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A serve tonic and blood builder. Brings the pink glow to pale cheeks and restores the fire of youth. By mail 50c. per box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, with our bank-

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